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PUT DOWN THE TYRANTS!

They never fall who die in a great cause;
The block may sink, the gallows may
Their heads may sicken, but the sun—their limbs
be strung to city walls;
And castle walls, but still their spirit walks abroad;
Though years elapse, and others share as dark a
doom.
It but augments the deep and sweeping thought,
Which overpowers all others, and which conducts
The world at last to freedom. BYRON.

People of Canada! Remember that the
blood of martyrs in the cause of FREEDOM
calls aloud for vengeance at your hands.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

ISAIAH BOUDREAU was the son of the
late Mr. Joseph Isaiah Boudreau, well
known in Lower Canada as one of the
most respectable navigators between Que-
bec and Montreal. He was born at Three
Rivers on the 10th October, 1804. After
he had completed his classical studies, he
entered the notarial office of the late Ze-
phirin Leblanc Esq., at Three Rivers and
began the study of law. When his studies
were completed, he passed an examina-
tion before the Judges of the Court,
which resulted creditably to himself;
and he was duly commissioned to prac-
tise as Notary Public for the Province
of Lower Canada. In 1826 he settled at Ste.
Marie in the county of Rouville, district
of Montreal. The next year he married
Miss Demers, who belonged to a very re-
spectable family of the place. By his hon-
esty and his assiduity he gained the good
will and confidence, not only of the in-
habitants of the parish where he lived,
but also of the surrounding parishes, which
gave him an extensive business.

In 1827, when the Radicals with one
voice, and from one end of the Province to
the other, petitioned the English Parlia-
ment and the King, to remedy the abuses
under which the Province was fast sinking,
and to recall the Governor, who, by his
tyrannical and haughty conduct, had ren-
dered himself odious to the great mass of
the people, Mr. Boudreau stood firm by
the people's side. He was named Secretary
of the great meeting of the County of
Belford, which took place that same year
at Ste. Marie, for the purposes above
mentioned. Since that time we always
find Mr. Boudreau an unwavering and
uncompromising friend of the people's
rights. Twice he had been named Poll
Clerk, and in 1834 he was named Return-
ing Officer for the County of Rouville.
His impartiality and honesty in the fulfil-
ment of such an honorable and difficult
station where the contest was prolonged
at an unusual time, was acknowledged
even by his political enemies.

In April, 1836, he had the misfortune to
lose his wife, who left him with four
small children. This unexpected loss was
the more severe with him as his children
were yet of tender age, and needed much
the fostering cares of an affectionate moth-
er. Poor little innocent beings! little then
did they suspect that the spiteful and venge-
ful arm of a corrupt government would
so soon deprive them of their only protec-
tor, and leave them to the mercy of stran-
gers.

When the troubles of 1837 broke out,
Mr. Boudreau was very sick, and conse-
quently could not join his countrymen in
repelling the British foe. Nor in 1838,
when the troubles were renewed, did his
health allow him to leave his house to en-
roll his name among the defenders of his
country. His health was then fast declin-
ing, but still his physician hoped that with
care and attention his constitution could be
so much improved as to promise him some
few years more of life to administer to the
comfort of his motherless children.

But on the 21st of November, at night,
he was seized in his house; although very
sick and confined in his bed, he was convey-
ed to the house of a man named Poulin;

so weak was he that while they were re-
moving him to Poulin's house, he swooned
several times, and his persecutors them-
selves, fearing that he would die on their
hands, took him back to his own house. But
the Tories still thirsted for blood, and find-
ing that he had yet a spark of life, they
crushed him back to his house on the 24th at 9
o'clock in the morning, and although he
looked more like a skeleton than a living
object, they put a straw-bed into a rough
cart, threw him in, and proceeded immedi-
ately towards Montreal, in order to
cast him into a dungeon. Such is British
humanity, or we should rather say
such is British Vandalism! His physi-
cian declared to the British officers that
it was impossible for Mr. Boudreau to sur-
vive a long while such brutal treatment,
and that his blood would soon cry to hea-
ven for vengeance against them. But
they were entirely deaf to this humane
warning; nor had they any pity for the
poor innocent children who were left at
home unprotected, wailing and screaming,
at seeing their unfortunate and sickly father
thus rudely forced away from his home
and their beloved embraces. Supplication,
tears, and even the ghastly and deathlike
appearance of the prisoner himself, nothing
could touch the adamant hearts of the
inhuman enemies of freedom. At a mo-
ment so terrible and so critical for him,
Mr. Boudreau was abandoned by all his
former political friends. Dr. Pierre Davignon
who had been the first, during the
summer of 1837, and even at the meeting
of St. Charles, to speak of open resistance
to the English government, was then,
through fear, cowardice and sycophancy,
helping the British troops to plunder his
former friends, and to make prisoners of
them. Benjamin Franchere, a merchant
of the place, who had been as zealous as
Dr. Pierre Davignon, had also turned his
coat and had joined the ranks of the ene-
my; so had also Trefle Franchere. These
despicable wretches had contributed as
much as any others, to throw the country
into that state of anarchy in which it has
been ever since 1837, by their bold and
manly speeches against the tyranny of the
English government. But when the tocsin
of war had sounded, they bowed in the
most contemptible servility to the Idol of
Great Britain, & abjured all former politi-
cal creeds, and their former friends. Such
detestable traitors will meet their de-
served fate.

It was at the request of these despicable
wretches, these traitors to their country,
and their country's cause, seconded by
Col. Lemay, an inveterate Tory of old, but
more honorable because more consistent
than the turn-coats above alluded to, that
the CATHOLIC PRIEST of the place,
Mr. Girouard, went to Montreal to ask
from Sir John Colborne a detachment of
troops, for the only purpose of plundering
and annoying the poor habitants, who
would not imitate the treachery of their
Doctor and Merchants. What could Mr.
Boudreau do but submit. He did so, but
still he could hardly govern his feelings
when he felt the weight of their barbarous
persecutions, at a time too when death was
so fast approaching. In consequence of
the extreme weakness to which he was re-
duced, they could not take him any further
than Chambly, at which place he was
thrown into a lonely cold dungeon, with-
out bed or fire, and having for his com-
panions but the dumb beasts of the Royal
Cavalry, which were in the next apart-
ment. Even the small window which
gave light to this unhealthy dungeon had
no glass to keep out the cold air, by which
he was nearly frozen to death. Reader,
have you ever heard of more inhuman
treatment? Does not this surpass even the
barbarous sufferings of Capt. Remember
Baker of Arlington in this State, who was
so much ill-treated by the Tories in 1772?
Can such an outrage upon humanity
remain unpunished? No! we say, it will be
punished, or else we shall disbelieve in
Eternal justice itself.

The next morning Mr. Boudreau was
taken from this scene of misery to be car-
ried to Montreal, where he was again
thrown into a cold and damp cell. All this

cruel and inhuman treatment was too
much for his impaired constitution. Al-
though he was still declining, and his dis-
solution seemed to be near at hand, yet his
murderers left him three whole weeks in
this wretched state without medical as-
sistance. At last it was reported to gov-
ernment that Mr. Boudreau would very
soon die in jail, if not speedily taken away.
At the urgent solicitations of some of his
friends, the government being well satis-
fied that Mr. Boudreau could not recover,
ordered his release, but under very heavy
bail. Thus, after the most cruel treatment
that could be inflicted upon a human be-
ing, was Mr. Boudreau restored to his
family; but in what condition? Hardly
had he a spark of life in him. His sunken
eyes, his trembling voice, the tremor of his
body, his loss of appetite, in a word his
whole frame totally disorganized, were
sure premonitors of his approaching end.
Still, after having breathed the free air,
and with the tender cares of his friends,
his life was prolonged to the third day of
March, when he expired at his residence,
cursing the English Government, which he
boldly accused of having caused his prema-
ture death. He was thirty four years and
nearly five months old, when he fell a vic-
tim to British tyranny. His young or-
phan children were scattered among stran-
gers, who kindly took them under their
protection.

Mr. Boudreau sustained the character of
an honest and upright Notary, and a sin-
cere and devoted patriot. And for his
strict and honourable adherence to the
righteous principles of equal justice, he
was doomed to an early grave.

JOURNAL OF A POLITICAL PRISONER.

[Translated for the North American.]

(CONTINUED.)

The late troubles have totally ruined the
state prisoners, or at least their pecuniary
affairs have been considerably affected there-
by. Since we have been incarcerated, we
have always been prohibited from holding
verbal correspondence with our friends; &
whenever the leave of writing to them has
been granted us, it has been with so many
restrictions and through so many obstacles
that it was enough to sicken the mind of
any one of us. At this present time for
instance, we must give our letters to one of
the turnkeys, who gives them to the jailer,
who in turn sends them to the Attorney
General; the Att'y General reads them,
and, providing they contain nothing objec-
tionable, transmits them to a couple of other
persons, who are charged with their deliv-
ery. No wonder then that many of them
never reach their address. Will it be cred-
ited that, placed as we are in relation to
our correspondence from without, the Sher-
iff is not ashamed to come personally and
summon us to appear for debt in court,
when in fact we are not allowed to see or
to write to an Attorney, nor to go out of
our cells. We have not in our possession
our account-books, and we are incapable
of producing receipts for the debts so de-
manded, which receipts are at our houses.
Would it be believed that at the time that
paper, ink and pen were denied to us, the
Sheriff brought summonses to some of the
prisoners; and that those so prosecuted,
having told him (what he knew before,) that
they had no means of defending them-
selves, & begged him to put those sum-
monses in the hands of certain lawyers,
with some verbal instructions, which the
Sheriff refused to do, saying that his duty
was to summon them—and nothing else! Can
it be believed that those prisoners so
situated, could be condemned without a
hearing, by Courts of Justice? Neverthe-
less, such is the case—they have been con-
demned; and their ruin, begun by the
troops and their political enemies, under
the name of British Volunteers, is com-
pleted by iniquitous Judges!!! I have never
dreaded anything so much as Bailiffs;
but does it not seem that there is a collu-
sion between Sir John and his Judges for
the purpose of reducing to extreme misery
those who happen not to think as His Ex-

cellency does? As a proof of this benevo-
lent disposition of our Governor, I shall
here give the cases of Messrs. Drolet and
Dumouchelle, both merchants of most ex-
tensive business, the former at St. Marc,
the latter at St. Benoit. Mr. Drolet has
been thrown into jail with his partner
Mr. Durocher, and also with his clerk and
his son, Alexander. Mr. Dumouchelle
had his two sons to share his imprisonment.
It is a notorious fact that Mr. Drolet's
clerk, as also Mr. Dumouchelle's youngest
son, had never taken sides in politics, nev-
ertheless they are both here since the
battle of St. Charles, and the savage de-
struction of St. Benoit. Why are they
here, if it is not for fear they should pre-
vent the total ruin of the respective com-
mercial houses to which they belong, and
thereby prevent some notorious Tory mer-
chant from profiting by the downfall of
Messrs. Drolet and Dumouchelle?

It is said in the fable, that when the lion
was on the point of dying, every animal
who before that time trembled in his pre-
sence, came to give the dying beast a
kick or a bite. In the same manner when
the English soldiery had spread terror a-
mong the patriots by sword and fire, we
saw all at once persons of no merit what-
ever and of no respectability, assuming the
character of important men. In order to
be revenged on those who in former days
looked upon them with contempt, they
take the cruel pleasure of informing against
them. They work with undaunted ardour
to crowd the jails with their countrymen.
Their conduct is so vile and so abomin-
able that oftentimes the Attorney General
becomes disgusted with their infamy, and
gets so tired of their repeated visits at his
office that many a time he puts them out
doors. If they had met that treatment at
the beginning, the jail would not be crowd-
ed with so many innocent victims, whose
only offence was that of refusing to as-
sociate with such vile and contemptible
scoundrels as those informers.

History shall record for the benefit of
posterity, the shame or the glory of the
men who have acted in this political drama.
Let eternal disgrace be attached to the
names of a Simon Lesperance of La Presen-
tation, of a Peter Spink of St. Charles,
of a Firmin Perrin of St. Antoine, of a
Pinet of Varennes, of an Isaac Coote, a Dr
Timoleon Quessel & a Laurent Archam-
beault of Ste. Marguerite de Blairfindie,
of a Theophile Lemay of Ste. Marie, of a
Chaffers of St. Cesaire, of a James Mac-
Donald and a Camille Lacombe of Laprairie,
of a Frederick Singer and a Paul Hart
of St. Philippe, of a Richard McGinnis
an Allen Clarke and an Amiot the Catho-
lic Priest, of Napierville, of an E. C. Couil-
lard Despres of St. Hyacinthe, of a Wil-
liam McGinnis of St. Athanase, of a Louis
Marchand and a George MacDonald of
St. Johns, of a Benj. Holmes of St. Luc,
of a P. E. Leclerc of Montreal, of the
Globenskys, the Dumonts the Snowdens,
the Mackays of the County of Two Moun-
tains, and of many others, too numerous to
mention in this journal.

Another imposition which is equal to the
practice of informing, and which is general-
ly done by people of the lowest order,
who derive great sums of money from it, is
to take advantage of the terror which now
pervades the whole country, to force
timid men to pay them certain stipulated
sums of money, or to execute notes for the
amount demanded, under pain of being
denounced as a rebel and a patriot. This
extortion is most generally accompanied
with the pretence that they have suffered
in their property from the patriots; but
this does not prevent them from presenting
large accounts for indemnification from the
government. The political prisoners are
not exempt from this kind of fraudulent
imposition.

Oh, British justice! are you now in ex-
istence, or are you, as I always thought,
a mere shadow for the unfortunate Cana-
dians?

On this day, the 31st March 1838, Rev-
erend Messire Blanchet, Curate of St.
Charles, who has been our companion in
misfortunes for the last three months and

a half, is leaving the jail, after giving bail
to the amount of \$4,000. This gentle
man did not belong to the liberal party be-
fore he came to jail. Nevertheless after
the battle of St. Charles, all his household
furniture was plundered and destroyed by
the troops. His books and papers were
strictly searched and among them was
found the famous Pastoral Letter of the
Bishop of Montreal, in which His Lord-
ship was praising and commending ser-
vile obedience to arbitrary power.
Every one knows with what mark of con-
tempt and derision this document had been
received in every church where it had been
read, it was looked upon as the production
of the vilest slave of one of the most ab-
solute potentates of the world. Messire
Blanchet, undoubtedly with a view to have
posterity know how this unreasonable docu-
ment had been received by his contem-
poraries, had written on the margin of it
"generally despised!" Those words did not
mean that he himself despised the Pastoral
Letter, and even if such was his intention,
what other authority than the ecclesiasti-
cal one, had a right to punish him for this
pretended contempt? Nevertheless, (will
it be believed in Canada fifty years hence,) this
act was deemed TREASONABLE, and
Mr. Blanchet was dragged to jail like a
criminal.

The Bishop of Montreal has since named
Messire Blanchet as Curate of the Parish
of Cedars, which will bring him a greater
revenue than that of St. Charles. This
nomination took place very soon after his
liberation. I feel glad of it, on account of
Mr. Blanchet, because if guilt there is with
those persons accused of High Treason, he
is certainly the least guilty. But His
Lordship, the Bishop, has done so much
to inspire his flock with feelings of horror
for the crime of High Treason, that it
seems astonishing that he should reward
an individual accused of this heinous crime;
and that he permits that man to continue
his priestly functions. After such conduct
on the part of the Bishop of Montreal, who
seems to retrace his imprudent steps in the
path of Toryism, I should not wonder if he
should deprive of their sacerdotal functions,
the following most Reverend and most
tormented priests, Mr. Paquin of St. Eus-
tache, Mr. Turcot of Ste. Rose, Mr.
Mercure, of La Presentation, Mr. Edward
Crevier, of St. Hyacinthe, Mr. Lamarre
of St. Cesaire, and some others more or
less implicated in the insurrection which
has taken place, if I was not aware that
these worthies had nobly and gallantly
made full reparation for their transient
error by denouncing their brethren, help-
ing thereby to throw them into this infec-
tious jail. The mercy of God has no
limits, but the ire of a Bishop can be very
soon allayed, provided that the subject in
dispute be not the refusal of a velvet cush-
ion for His Lordship to kneel upon, or a
gilded throne upon which to sit His Hum-
ble Reverence. The refusal of such impor-
tant articles to men of such Christian hu-
mility as Bishops, would generally create a
quarrel that nothing could appease.

It was a measure of necessity with Mr.
Blanchet to submit to the wreaking despot-
ism which incarcerated him, and he did it
with that admirable self-denial which is
one of the virtues of the religion which he
teaches, and which certainly he has had
occasion to call to his aid during the time
he was confined with us in jail. His cour-
age when in misfortune with us, made us
admire him; he was moreover so amiable
in his social intercourse with us that we
should have openly regretted his absence,
had we not been ashamed to show sorrow
under any pretence, for his delivery from
this horrible captivity.

Mr. Blanchet's departure from us, to in-
hale free air, (i. e. such as we have in Can-
ada), leads me naturally to talk of the
manner in which a great number of the
political prisoners have returned to their
homes. It was on the 15th. of Nov. 1837
that the first persons accused of High Tre-
ason, were imprisoned; martial law was pro-
claimed on the 5th. of Dec. following, and
on the 25th of Jan. began an examina-